

AN HUMBLE
OFFERING
TO THE
Sacred Memory
OF THE LATE
MOST SERENE
AND
Potent Monarch
CHARLES II.

By J. Phillips, Gent.

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101
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(1)

HUMBLE OFFERING
TO THE
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OF THE LATE
Most Serene and Potent
MONARCH
CHARLES II.

I.

TIS not for Vulgar Verse
To soar those Heighths, and reach those Fires,
That should inflame
The Breast of Him, that full of Thought aspires
Above the Common Flight of Fame,

To

(2)

To pay the Tribute due
To Royal Fun'ral, and a Monarch's Herse.
'Twas therefore that the Ancient World assign'd
Another way to grace
The State of Kings, when they in Marriage joyn'd
The Sons of God with Humane Race.
From thence by Holy Writ allow'd
Those Consecrated Odds
Above the Common Crowd.
For Sovereign Kings
Are our Terrestrial Gods.
From Them, as from the proper Springs,
Mercy and Justice, Peace and Safety flow:
They Blessings on the People show'r;
With equal Pow'r
To punish, or Rewards bestow.

II.

And such was our Immortal CHARLES the Great,
Embracing now
His Father's Blessed Soul;
Whose soft Controul

(3)

Three Nations made

The Happy Seat

Of Plenty and Peace, and all our former Storms allay'd.

Departed therefore to another Throne,

And the Enjoyment of another Crown,

Where His Dominions full as far extend

In Blissful Rule, and Undisturb'd Command.

For if in Heaven there be Degrees

Of Pow'r and Dignities,

We may have Reason to believe,

'Tis the Sublime Prerogative

Of Kings on Earth, to be in Heav'n the same,

In those vast Regions of Ethereal Flame

And spacious Empire, where

Exalted Bliss, that never wants,

Can ne're impair

The Sovereign Dignity of Royal Saints.

III.

Let it not then be said, Kings die;

They onely change their Spheres;

For here, they move like Stars;

B

Above

Above, They other Orbs assume,
And Constellations straight become.

Thus Leda's Eldest Son,
To his beloved Brother Kind,
His Grand Prerogative on Earth resign'd,
To share with One he lov'd to that Degree,
His Royal Immortality.

IV.

Long had Three Potent Realms bewail'd
Th' Oppressive Hand
Of Bold Rebellion, pamper'd with Success;
Discord and Slaughter Chaos'd all the Land,
And ruinous Anarchy prevail'd,
Till at length Rebels against Rebels fought,
With deadly feud,
And their own Monstrous Bulk of Strength subdu'd.
But then it was,
Three Kingdoms, bleeding, mangl'd, torn,
In Ruines all forlorn,
Shewing their ghastly Wounds, for swift Redress
Their Exil'd Prince besought:

Who

(5)

Who straight appearing, with His Vernal Heat
Reviv'd th' Autumnal Face
Of Church and State,
And Wild Disorder became Lovely Grace.

V.

This a Bright Star, that at His Birth
Out-shone the Noon-day Light,
Foretold the wond'ring Earth.
For Heaven, that shews no Prodigies in vain,
By that made known,
That one Day He should so out-shine the Sun,
And like that Star regain
The Ancient Luster of His Clouded Right.
The Valiant Son of Jesse thus
Distrest at first, perplex'd, and griev'd,
And sparingly in Foreign Courts reliev'd,
Disgrac'd at Home, to Death pursu'd,
No Safety in *Judea* found;
By Restoration till in *Hebron* Crown'd.
Then courted by his Foes,
The *Israelites* renew'd
Their broken Vows.

The

(6)

The silenc'd Virgins once more sweetly sang;
And shady *Herman* with his Triumphs rang.

VI.

And now He sits Enthron'd;
Tho Young, the Eldest Prince in *Europe* Crown'd:
And justly too might He in Years excell,
That knew so well
To dazle all the World
By Great Examples of His own;
So Bright within His Northern Sphere
The Glory of His Vertues shone.
Vertues in Constellation met
And radiant only in the *British* Sky,
For other Kings to steer,
Since Pilots too of Kingdoms They,
The different Vessels of their distant Sway.
To Wonder Just, and Clement to Excess;
In that more God-like Great,
Who Mercy still prefers
Before His Judgment-Seat.
This the Young *Vespasian* fam'd,

(7)

This our Immortal CHARLES no less;
Both therefore the *Delight of Humane Kind.*
Such Matchless Patterns of Imperial Glory
By Providence design'd,
That reading One, we read the Other's Story;
While Both with equall Ardour strove
By Acts of Grace to win their Subjects Love.

VII.

Alike Indulgent, equally Sincere,
His Lovely Eyes were the more Lovely Seat
Of *Humble* and *Majestick* Both;
At once begetting Love and Fear.
When He gave Audience to the Great,
His Bright Majestick Beams He wore;
But His Humility receiv'd the Poor,
With open Ear
Their just Complaints to hear.
Truly Religious, far beyond
The vain Impertinence of Bigotism,
For still the Churches Rights
And Publick Worship were His Reverent Cares;

C

Which

Which all along He still secur'd from Schism,
And fly Attacks of Canting Hypocrites,
While onely *Learned Worth* He call'd
To fill the Patriarchal Chairs.

VIII.

Prudent in Counsel, and in Battel Fierce,
No Prince more studious of His Peoples Weal:
Yet for their Sakes, when once provok'd to Wars,
He would not fail
To keep Invasion from his guarded Shore;
And rather chose
To be th' Aggressor, then expect His Foes.
Thus Plenty flourish'd in the Arms of Peace,
And Peace with Plenty War supply'd;
For all His Wars took Peace's Side;
And onely They that fought for Honour, dy'd.
The Rest, Estates and Harvests still enjoy'd;
And all were Blest that valu'd Happiness;
Such Leisure our Terrestrial God
On Us bestow'd,
To sleep in War secure.

But

But neither did those Storms endure,
 For by His Far-fam'd Brother's Conqu'ring Sword,
 Those daring Foes subdu'd,
 For Mercy su'd,
 And Peace was also to the Waves restor'd,
 The Victor would no longer then pursue
 His Just Revenge: for well he knew,
 Earth only then resembles Heav'n, when free
 From Rage, and Man-devouring Cruelty.

IX.

His Sea-girt Islands thus at Peace,
 The vaster Continent was all embroy'd,
 And her most Fertile Fields, without Surcease,
 By wicked War despoil'd:
 What time, by their Distresses driv'n,
 The loud continual Cries
 Of the Afflicted cross'd the Seas,
 As at a distance Poor Mens Tears reach Heav'n,
 And pierc'd His Sacred Breast.
 Then could not our Compassionate Sov'raign brook
 The Havock that Ambition made,

While

While ransack't Cities their lost Wealth condole,
And Desolation revell'd in the Waste
Of whole Dispeopl'd Provinces.
But feeling His Magnanimous Soul
With Royal Pity strook,
He streight resolv'd their Succour, & His timely Aid.

X.

He knew His wide Command
Of Sea and Land.

And therefore gen'rously disdain'd
In vain to hold the Ballance in His Hand :

The Gallick Rage

Must therefore feel His powerful Might,
Or render to His Sacred Umpirage.
But first, in Prudence, He more softly chose
By holy Mediation to Compose

The Bloody Strife, and gently cool
The Flaming Ardour of Aspiring Rule;
Deeming, Victorious Reason would afford
A Nobler Conquest then the Sword.

Thus interposing, all submit,

And

(11)

And with respectful Awe
Lay their Pretensions at His Feet:
And finding His Determinations Just,
The *Germans* gladly yield,
The *Gallick* Fury murm'ring, quits the Field;
And the distinct Confederates
Applaud the Issue of His Wise Debates.

XI

Heav'ns! Could it e'er enter Humane Thought,
To practise Mischief against such a Prince?
This surely must the World convince,
That Earth is Wickedder then Hell,
Where God's Proud Criminals united burn,
And their Great *Lucifer* Reigns safe from Plots;
But here, Rebellion Heads a Monstrous Rout
More Mischievous then They.
Such was that Impious Cabal,
Th' Offspring of Night, *Contention's* Sons,
By whom we learn, there is no Rest,
But where the Whole are Wicked, or All Blest.
Was our sweet Sovereign's Mercy such a Crime,

D

To

To move your eager Gall? A
 Yes--- All was Criminal,
 Which They themselves had forfeited.
 Was it His Prudence, most sublime,
 That Charg'd their curst Infernal Guns?
 Or was His Patience at the Rye way-laid?
 Did His Humility your Pride incense
 To murder Sacred Innocence?
 And in His Person shew,
 Could ye reach Heav'n, what you to God would do?
 Must the Faith's True Defender bleed to Death,
 A Sacrifice in Conqueror's Wrath?
 Must God's Anointed lose His Sacred Blood,
 To gratifie a Cursed Brood
 Of Joyners, Catchpoles, and a Priest of Baal?
 Hear, O ye Heav'ns! who had design'd His Fall.
 But thus a Young misguided Son,
 Even in Saturn's Golden Reign,
 Found an Ungodly Train
 Of Villanous Confederates, his Father to Dethrone.

XII. Had

((113))

XII.

Had our Great ~~Cesar~~ fall'n by such rude Hands,
We might with Reason have bewail'd His Fate,
But Heav'n was kind,
Disclos'd their Monstrous Hate,
And up to Publick Shame resign'd
Those Bold Contemners of His soft Commands.
And all the Land with cordial Sounds
Of Loyalty rejoyc'd,
To see encroaching Tumult curb'd,
And those that would have our sweet Peace disturb'd
By Justice cropp'd, or Foreign Vagabonds.

XIII.

When Providence these Miracles had wrought,
One now remain'd, already then design'd,
(For Providence does not work by Rote)
To call our Monarch to Eternal Bliss,
And leave His *Parallel* behind:
Nor could Heav'n miss
For freight th' Illustrious JAMES, desir'd

Of

Of all with Loyal Thoughts inspir'd,
 Was still preserv'd, to shew
 How kindly Heav'n supplies,
 Intending well to order Things below.

XIV.

Kingdoms, like Men
 Their Paroxysms have;
 Which, if they meet not timely Cure,
 Send 'em to fell Destruction's Grave.
 Thus Mournful Britain, sick by Sympathy,
 Languish'd as He lost Strength,
 Until at length
 In losing Him, the Kingdom fear'd to die.
 He all the while like Great Augustus lay,
 Nor grieving for His Quiet Day;
 Nor anxious for His People, well aware
 Who would be next their Angel Tutelar.
 For, like the old
 Expiring Herbs, He foresaw
 The future Grandeur of His Brother's Awe.
 For Kings before their last Aerial Flight,

Are privileg'd to deep Foresight.

Orodes thus, half Bloodless, and half Cold,

Mezentius Fate foretold.

From other Fears His Vertues set Him free,

Prepar'd for Second *Cæsar's* with'd *Euthanasie* ;

What time that Sable Cloud

That soon or late eclipses all our Light,

Hung o're His Brows, and took Him from His Subjects
(Sight.

XV.

Dull Sorrow in the Morn ;

I th' Afternoon a strange

And sudden Turn :

And then distracted by the Change,

We knew not whether to Rejoyce, or Mourn.

At length we mourn'd, rejoyc'd, rejoyc'd and griev'd,

And thus our Joys our Sorrows still reliev'd.

But Mourning surely is His Due,

And we must mourn, since He mourns too

That to His Brother's High Renown Succeeds:

Ill would it Loyalty beseem

Not now to bear a Part with Him,

E

Till

Till He put off His Mourning Weeds.
 Mourn for His Sake that now is gone;
 'Twould be Ingrateful to forget so soon
 The Peace and Plenty of His Reign,
 And His Preserving Cares
 So Nobly to supply His Throne.
 Mourn for His Sake, who now survives
 Protector of our Laws and Lives;
 Whose Glories now out-shine
 The Story of the *British* Line:
 He'll recompense your Grief
 With a more generous Supply
 Of long Tranquillity,
 While You enjoy
 Th' Effects of His Courageous Flame,
 And those Great Deeds, that must enlarge His Fame
 And when we see Him Crown'd with all His Beams,
 Let's not Forget our Second CHARLES,
 But Honour and Obey our Second JAMES.

F I N I S.